The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

VOL. VIII. BOSTON, AUGUST, 1899. No. 3

THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

MONTHLY: 50 cents a year. Single copy, 5 cents.

Entered at the Boston, Mass., post-office as second-class mail matter, Nov. 14, 1892.

GEO. H. ELLIS, PRINTER, 272 CONGRESS ST., BOSTON.

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TO A DAISY.

There is a flower, a little flower,
With silver crest and golden eye,
That welcomes every changing hour,
And weathers every sky.

The prouder beauties of the field
In gay but quick succession shine:
Race after race their honors yield,
They flourish and decline.

But this small flower, to Nature dear,
While moon, and stars their courses run,
Enwreathes the circle of the year,
Companion of the sun.

It smiles upon the lap of May,
To sultry August spreads its charm,
Lights pale October on his way,
And twines December's arm.

The purple heath and golden broom
On moory mountains catch the gale;
O'er lawns the lily sheds perfume,
The violet in the vale.

But this bold floweret climbs the hill,
Hides in the forest, haunts the glen,
Plays on the margin of the rill,
Peeps round the fox's den.

Within the garden's cultured round
It shares the sweet carnation's bed,
And blooms on consecrated ground
In honor of the dead.

. . . . . .

'Tis Flora's page,— in every place,
In every season, fresh and fair;
It opens with perennial grace
And blossoms everywhere.

On waste and woodland, rock and plain,
Its humble buds unheeded rise.
The rose has but a summer reign:
The daisy never dies.

—*James Montgomery.*

CONFIDENCE IN GOD.

Psalm lii. 8.—"I trust in the mercy of God for ever and ever."

The language of David is the expression of unbounded confidence in God. It is a reasonable confidence, founded on just conceptions of the divine Providence. For what is this Being? He filleth immensity. We look behind and before, and the mind finally rests ever on him, the High and Holy One who inhabiteth eternity. And yet he, by whom all things subsist, cares for all by caring for each. As the light of his sun shines into the humblest dwelling not less than into the highest palace, so his providence reaches all and each. His will moves these starry worlds which retreat before the gaze into immensity, and he hears the sighings of the lowliest heart that go up from the earth. Those who are forgotten by man are remembered by God. And he reveals himself. Behind the thin screen of this material world the otherwise overwhelming brightness of the Infinite Majesty is partially concealed, and yet at the same time, the brightness tempered to our vision, par-

tially revealed,—not transiently, but constantly, through those laws whose energy lies in his living will,—revealed not in some local language merely, but in a language which can never become dead or obsolete, in universal laws and providential arrangements which ever speak of him.

It is obvious that any plan of life which leaves out of it the idea of the moral Governor of the world must be wrong: any habits of thought or feeling which are not more or less colored and controlled by this great truth must be defective. For what is man? a creature of yesterday, with foresight enough to be aware of the opening destinies before him, but not enough to foresee what they shall be; encompassed by abysses of mystery that he cannot fathom, while moves over him and around him that Power which is the life of all that exists. To that Power he is united by his weakness and dependence, and united, in a still more fearful way, by that accountable nature which makes him responsible to the moral Sovereign of the world. What, then, should be the sentiments which I ought to cherish toward God? As I look back over the past, I am compelled to acknowledge, however little I may feel it, that my life has been loaded with undeserved blessings. From the time that the child is laid in the cradle till the aged man is borne to his grave, the sunshine and the air are not more constant than those blessings which come, not through casual, but fixed arrangements of Providence,—enjoyments seemingly needless, superinduced upon utility, every right exercise of any faculty a source of pleasure, a mercy most patient and most pitiful, which would reclaim all who go astray, which blesses man on the earth almost in spite of himself, and reveals a higher and holier world, which, little as the best deserve to enter it, is promised to the weakest and the humblest who strive in their place to walk in the paths of duty. This infinite beneficence of the Creator, this unbounded goodness, showered like light over the dark earth and into the darkness of human hearts,—for this what shall we render unto God?

We can render nothing; and all he asks is that we shall not be insensible to it. Let our morning and our nightly prayer then be: "Save us, O God, from the sin of the thankless heart. Save us from the guilt of remembering everything else and forgetting thee." We can return nothing to Him who giveth all. May we at last, when life draws to a close, be able to feel that in the midst of our blessings we were mindful of their magnitude and of their source; and may we be able also to remember that these blessings were not all used for selfish ends, but were the source of happiness and of good to those who knew more of the deprivations and less of the enjoyments of life than we!

But the mind cannot stop here. This Being who is above me is not only the centre of the material but of the moral order of the world. The true welfare and blessedness of all orders of existences, from those on earth to the highest seraphim, depend upon conformity to the controlling law of holiness and love. I cannot be an exception. Obedience to the will of God is the peace and holiness of the universe. Shall I struggle against this law? Shall I think it hard that it has been revealed for the government of man? No: I will rejoice in the law of the Lord. My sins, even, and my fears, shall not suffer me to forget that my greatest privilege is to have revealed to me the character and the will of God. There are many things respecting which we may easily rest in ignorance, but to be in ignorance of the character and will of God is to extinguish every light above the sea, and every hope in the heart of man. My sins, my shortcomings, my many errors and wanderings, may well make me tremble before the law of infinite holiness. But I will not wish that the holiness of the universe should be lowered, in order that I may sin without fear. I will rejoice in the law of the Lord, rejoice that it guides me safely when I would walk in a right way, and that it alarms me with no unfounded apprehensions when I depart from moral rectitude.

But more than this we should find in this supreme law of life. There is one thing which includes in itself all other good, and that is the divine approval. Let me seek this with singleness of heart, let me be able to feel that the course which I take is one which the Infinite Goodness shall look down upon with an approving eye, and what higher than this can I desire, and with this what shall I greatly fear? Though enemies compass me about, though the

floods go over my soul, trusting in Thee, I will fear no evil.— *Ephraim Peabody.*

THE STILL HOUR.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Thou Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall,
O Love of God most free!

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes:
The other leads us safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise!

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong!

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind!

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win:
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within!

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee!

—*Eliza Scudder.*

There is the cross of *Cheerfulness.* It seems a small matter, perhaps; and yet there is hardly any which touches happiness more closely. Your home is brightened by a cheerful spirit, that "is not easily provoked," that is not put out by the failures and omissions and worries that always have to come in busy family life, but which takes all in good part. How the business and work of the world are brightened by a cheerful spirit, that has a pleasant word for all! And not only so, but there is a cheerfulness which, even when things go seriously wrong, can keep from sinking into mere fret and worry and bitterness. Some people talk of this as if it were all a matter of temperament. Of course, there are some to whom it comes easier than to others: so it is with every quality. But, apart from that, cheerfulness is a duty, and a duty which no one can weave into a settled part of his life without something of a cross.

It can only be obtained by daily watchfulness and schooling the spirit, and constantly reminding one's self how hard life, after all, is to almost every one, and by schooling one's self not to expect too much, to feel that it is not our world, and that we must not fret over what is beyond our power. These are all matters in which it is possible, greatly possible, to school one's self, to cultivate cheerfulness. And, if one does, there is nothing that, however it begins by being a cross, changes more surely into a blessing and a crown, not indifference, not stoical disdain, not a bit like slothful inaction, but a large, gracious acceptance of the world and life, doing one's best and there leaving it, making no weak moan or fret, but brave and cheerful to the end.— *Brooke Herford.*

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all matter for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book.*" This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, Mass.?

Miss Schetter offers the numbers of last year's (1898) *Christian Register*, also "Heroes and Hero-worship," by Carlyle. Address Miss C. Schetter, 75 Highland Avenue, Orange, New Jersey.

Mrs. Edward S. Philbrick, Walnut Street, Brookline, Mass., offers the *Atlantic Monthly* for 1898.

Will any one who would like a barrel of good reading, and is willing to pay freight charge on it, please address Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 3 Webster Street, Allston, Mass.?

The Women's Alliance, Second Church, Salem, offers the following books. Address Miss Decker, 4 Mt. Vernon Street, Salem, Mass.

Juvenile.

"Mary Erskine," "Rodolphus," "Malleville," "Mary Bell," Jacob Abbott; "No such Word as Fail," Alice B. Neal; "The Mother Goose Goslings," Eleanor Talbot; "Old Tales Retold from German Mythology."

Miscellaneous.

"Co-operative Housekeeping," M. F. Pierce; "The Problem of the Poor," Helen Campbell; "The Gates Ajar," Elizabeth S. Phelps; "The Epicurean," Thomas Moore; "Life of Columbus," A. De Lamartine; "Woman's Wrongs," Gail Hamilton; "The Victorian Half-century," C. M. Yonge; "The Draytons and the Davenants"; "On Both Sides of the Sea," sequel to "Draytons and Davenants"; "The Sketch Book," Washington Irving; "Paradise Lost," John Milton; "The Iliad of Homer," Alexander Pope; "Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands," H. B. Stowe; Works of Rev. W. E. Channing; Pinnock's "Goldsmith's England," Baldwin "Primers," "Readers," "Arithmetics"; "The Rivals," François Coppée; "The Wrestler of Philippi," tale of the early Christians; "This Little World," David Christie Murray.

Magazines.

Appleton's *Popular Science Monthly*, 1897; *The Chautauquan*, October, 1895, to September, 1898; *St. Nicholas*, 1884; *Scientific American* (papers), July, 1895, to January, 1897; odd numbers of *Cosmopolitan*, *Review of Reviews*, *New England*, *Strand*, *Home*, *Recreation*, *Bostonian*, *Home Study*, *Self-culture*, *The Engineering Magazine*, *Arena*, *McClure's*, *Outing*, *Forum*, *Scribner's*, *Century*, *Harper's*.

REQUESTS.

[*Read directions at beginning of Book Club before writing.*]

Those who send offers and requests for the Book Club will do us a kindness by noting the following suggestions: 1. Please write very clearly. 2. Do not use a pencil. 3. Do not use contractions, especially names of States (as Cal. and Col. for California, Colorado). 4. Write on one side only of the paper. 5. Do not forget to give your full address. (The State is now and then omitted.)

Those who write to us for the first time must send the name and address of a minister as a reference. Without that the request will not be printed.

I write you to ask for suitable reading for myself, my father, mother, and young brother twenty-one years old.

We will lend to others. We live on Blue Ridge, near Little River, in Floyd County, Virginia, five miles east of Floyd, the county seat.

We have no railroad in our county. Our nearest railroad station is Christiansburg, Virginia, twenty-five miles distant.

We have no libraries or high schools near us. Miss Helen Brammer, Pizarro, Floyd County, Virginia.

Many grateful thanks to friends who have so generously sent *Atlantic Monthlies* to Miss F. M. Robbins, Oak Park, Illinois; she is well supplied.

Mrs. Sue Carter, Ansonville, Anson County, North Carolina, would be glad to receive First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, or Sixth Readers. She has six children, and teaches them herself.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Horton, Martinez, California, would be pleased to receive "Remini-

scences of Rev. William Ellery Channing," by E. P. Peabody, "Recollections of the Anti-slavery Conflict," by Rev. S. J. May, "An Appeal in Behalf of that Class of Americans called Africans," by Lydia M. Child.

Mrs. Sallie Zigler, Sandy Ridge, North Carolina, would like some magazines or other reading to pass away lonely hours. "I feel very thankful to all who have sent me reading. So many have sent me reading and gave no name or address that I can only thank them in this way. Any reading for our family would be very acceptable, as we are unable to buy. I have often wished for Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, even if it is badly worn, if any person has one they do not care to keep any longer. One lady sent me a nice lot of scraps, also 'The Silver Cross,' with which I am wonderfully pleased. I have already divided my reading with several, but there is another young girl I must certainly divide with soon. She has been confined to her home ever since January." Miss Lina Thomas, Charity, Patrick County, Virginia.

Mary M. Harris, Ryan, Indian Territory, asks for books or papers. She lives in a lonely place, and would appreciate anything.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.

My dear Friends,— This year my visit to Europe has been a flying one, including very little besides London and Paris. Last year I saw many more interesting things than I succeeded in describing to my *Cheerful Letter* friends, but perhaps it is not too late to tell of some of these now.

First, let me say that the London cabmen are a much maligned race. Baedeker calls them "among the most insolent and extortionate of their kind." I have taken a good many cabs, and have invariably found the drivers perfectly civil and obliging. Many people have told me the same thing. I pay them a little more than their legal fare, but not more than I think they ought to receive. I usually engage them by the hour, and ask them to drive slowly. In that way the horse is not overworked. The conductors of the many omnibuses are usually civil also. So much cannot be said for the guards of the railway trains: they give the travellers no information, do not hear if a question is asked, and, if a lady requests a guard to show her the "carriage" to which her ticket entitles her, will almost certainly try to thrust her into a smoking-carriage. London is so vast that a circular metropolitan railroad has been established, almost a necessity, in taking the travelling public from the east of London to the west and *vice versa*. The first time an American lady travels on one of these she is likely to receive a third-class ticket, for want of specifying which class she desires, and feels quite affronted. But it is common for people of all kinds to travel third-class in England, especially in the metropolitan trains; and by and by the same person feels a little ashamed of the extravagant luxury of a *second-class* ticket. It is absolutely necessary, however, to look out for herself and search out during a minute's pause of the train a "non-smoking" carriage. The "smoking" are very numerous; and no Englishman, any more than a Frenchman or German, scruples to smoke directly in a lady's face. I have seen this at the Vienna Café, where smoking is nominally forbidden, and in one of the large London shops, frequented chiefly by ladies.

The British Museum was not far from my boarding-place, and there I spent many happy hours.

What were the most interesting things that I saw there? Among them the Rosetta Stone, which gave the clew that enabled students to translate the Egyptian hieroglyphics. It is a large slab, with quite a long inscription in three languages. First, hieroglyphics (the language of the priests); then, the same in the *demotic* (the language used by the people); then, Greek, and, as this could be read, it enabled students to read the other two also. These inscriptions date from the second century before Christ. Then the great Alexandrian Codex, mentioned, I think, in my former letter. This is the earliest Greek manuscript of the New Testament, except two. It is under glass, and no one may touch it; but now and then a leaf is turned. My friend Miss Sharpe said that, when she last saw it, it was open at the page which has the great forged text, I Timothy iii. 16, where the words "He who" were changed into "God"; and this

error crept into our authorized version, until corrected by the revision in 1881. I hoped to see the two marks by which the change was made; but the leaf had been turned, and I could only see them in the fac-simile which Miss Sharpe owns. The forgery was detected by the ink being of a different color and evidently modern; and, besides, the passage is written "He who" in the Vatican Codex—the earliest of all—before the discovery in this century of the great Sinaitic manuscript of about the same date. The Sinaitic has also "He who." It may be thought that the editors of the authorized version ought to have consulted the Vatican manuscript before copying so great an error, but it was for many years difficult to see the Vatican Codex. The popes would not allow students to look at it.* The writing of the Alexandrian is very beautiful, in large clear uncials (that is, the letters large and separated from each other, and not divided into words), the vellum is very fine and strong and there are two columns of writing on a page. The book is of very large size. There are hundreds of interesting manuscripts in the same room, but it would be like giving a catalogue to describe them, letters of early kings and queens and of all the most distinguished authors.

The Assyrian and Egyptian rooms are full of treasures. The arrow-head writing on clay, dug up from the mounds of Nineveh, and now read with ease by Assyriologists, is represented, and tells a great deal about the manners and customs of the Assyrians. And the Egyptian rooms are an illustration of the history of Egypt from the times of the sphinxes (Abraham and Joseph) downward: only one must know a little of the history of Egypt to understand it.

I did not go to the Crystal Palace this year; but it may amuse some of *The Cheerful Letter* readers to have the inscription written around the top of the Egyptian room by Mr. Samuel Sharpe, in the palace, in hieroglyphics. This is the translation:—

"In the seventeenth year of the reign of her Majesty, the ruler of the waves, the royal daughter Victoria, lady most gracious, the chiefs, architects, sculptors, and painters erected this palace and gardens, with a thousand columns, a thousand decorations, a thousand statues of chiefs and ladies, a thousand trees, a thousand flowers, a thousand birds and beasts, a thousand fountains, and a thousand vases. The architects and painters and sculptors built this palace as a book, for the instruction of the men and women of all countries, regions, and districts. May it be prosperous!"

When in London the traveller is tired of museums and picture galleries, there are two very pleasant ways of resting his eyes and his mind. He may go to the Zoölogical Gardens, in Regent's Park, or, if he has the whole day to spare, to Kew Gardens, by rail or steamer.

Providing myself with a loaf of currant cake, to ingratiate myself with the bears and the elephant, I set forth, and arrived in time to spend a long, happy afternoon among my furry and feathered relatives. Even to step inside the gate, and find one's self greeted by the wonderful gray birds on the right of the entrance, with their clear bright eyes, like red currants, gives a most cheerful, exhilarated, Saturday-afternoon sort of feeling. I arrived in time to see the lions fed, the foxes and kindred beasts also. This is the best time, as they are excited and eager. At first it seemed as if the lions' cages were rather small; but they each have a yard behind, which gives a good deal of freedom.

The whole garden is beautifully arranged, and the animals made as comfortable as possible. The white bear (sometimes a most injured beast) has a nice cool den and a pond of water. The seals have a beautiful great pond. One of them kept jumping up and putting its head through the railing, and giving a cry. Then it would fling itself back in the water. I asked a keeper who stood near why the seal behaved so, and if seals ate bread or cake. "No," he said, "she wants to get to me." It was pleasant to know that the animals are fond of their keepers. The cake, though rather stale, was most affably accepted by the elephant and the bears. The elephant, indeed, was a little too receptive. It is very amusing to feed an elephant, and put piece after piece of cake into his curious trunk, which he holds so near that you can see just how it is constructed. After giving him several pieces, I went away, and took a long stroll about

*For a fuller account of these three early manuscripts of the New Testament, see the first numbers of *The Cheerful Letter* in 1892.

the garden. I was sitting on a bench about an hour later, and the elephant came by, carrying some children (I had not realized that I was on his beat). The clever creature saw me, and said to himself: "There's the lady who gave me some cake. There's no harm in asking for some more!" With that, his great trunk came waving in my face, as he passed. It was so unexpected, I had not a piece ready for him. He must have seen hundreds of people that day. How I wish I had his memory!

As to the brown bears, they are most entertaining animals. They expect cake as a matter of course. They rise on their hind legs, lay their paws on their heart, and bow most coaxingly at the visitors, who then throw pieces of cake and buns at them. The hippopotamus, great creature, has a large, deep pond; and there he lay at the bottom and would not come out, only putting his nose up now and then. Visitors are sternly forbidden to feed the giraffe. He is so much above every one else's head as to look rather lonely, a sort of tower of Babel. But the only unhappy-looking creatures I saw were the buffaloes. "American bison" is their zoölogical name. There are a pair, to be companions in misfortune. Poor rusty, ragged creatures! Intended for prairie life, and doomed to live in a pen! They looked at me with great gloomy eyes, and I felt quite melancholy. The only creatures I omitted seeing were the reptiles. I feel sure that they do not take *The Cheerful Letter*, and so that their feelings will not be hurt by my mentioning this.

As I write, I think of more and more things that I should like to tell; but my letter will not go in at all if it is too long, so these must be postponed. L. F. C.

THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[*Contributions to this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

I see that some of the people who are engaged in the fascinating new science called child-study are exhaustively considering the question of child-lying, its cause and cure. It seems that researches have developed the fact that a larger proportion of girls lie than boys.

The question is whether lying is instinctive or acquired; and if, supposing it to be acquired, children will lie without a parental example. There is certainly one way in which little children learn first to enact lies and next to speak them. In their early infancy they are restrained by force from doing things that they see others do. The little creeping creature is confronted with "No, no," when it touches the books in the case or the ornaments on the low shelf. It does not understand why. It finds that, if there is no one by when it touches these things, there is no "No, no"; and it enacts the lie of letting the things alone when people are present, and handling them furtively and watchfully when no one is by. It is embarked on the lying career; and its parents—though they may be in their own life the most scrupulously truthful of people—are to blame, for they should not have left articles about which the baby cannot touch.

Later the child sees his parents have an elaborate bill of fare which it cannot partake of. Grown-up people eat and eat lots of beautiful things which are rigidly forbidden to the child. "They're not good for you, dear," means nothing to him. When he gets a chance, he is going to eat some of these things on the sly, and say nothing about it. He is a liar.

A child lies because its parents teach it to lie. There is such a thing, also, as lying by straight inheritance. The offspring of liars may lie by race, even when it is not taught to lie by its guardians. The child who does not inherit its lying may acquire the habit in the way I have just indicated, even when there is no direct example. There are children of four and five years who have never lied and very likely will not lie; but they have been brought up simply, under simple and natural conditions, and they have not been brought up by servants. Instead of being forbidden to take the books out of the cases, they have been taught how to take them out and handle them, or their handling of them has been supervised in such a way that they are not conscious of a prohibition. Their parents have not put on their hats and cloaks out of the children's sight, and gone off to walk or drive, leaving the children at home. The parents have not merely spoken the truth to them, but have acted it. If they have sensibly kept the children to a

plain diet, they have kept themselves to a plain diet, too. They have been open and honest in all things.

Moreover, if the parents of the truthful children have been wise, they have taught the children from a very early age to observe accurately and fully. Two children may state a thing quite differently, without intending to deceive. Very likely they have seen it differently. It is possible to direct a child's use of his senses, without boring him the least, in such a way that at a very early age he will see, hear, and feel things as they really are. Such a child is much less likely to prevaricate or exaggerate than another who has had no such training. Trained to see things as they are, he will tell them as they are; and his very eyes and ears will whip him for a lie. The habit of abhorrence of an untruth is easily and early acquired, and it never leaves the person who has acquired it. It is the foundation of all virtues. It is extremely hard for a person who abhors lying to practise any kind of vice.

If it is true that a larger proportion of girls are liars than boys, I should say that it is because girls are hemmed in with more social and moral restrictions than boys are. More troubles of every sort are made for girls than for boys, and we all know the story about the lie being the "ever-present help in time of trouble."—*The Listener, in Boston Transcript.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

THOSE HAZEL PACKETS.

For years I have seen these curious packets on the hazel, and similar ones on the alder. I have found them by dozens brown and dry, and needing only a touch to dislodge them as they hung from their attachment; and I have found them fresh and green, as if the mysterious clerk that had done them up had left them for a moment to get a string. But, no matter how patiently I waited for him, he never would return, and for years his identity was a mystery. Last summer I determined to catch him at his work, and I did, and am now able to give some account of his clever hocus-pocus,—or, rather, I should say *her* hocus-pocus, for my little clerk proved to be feminine. If the reader has never seen any of these curious little packages hanging upon the hazel and alder bushes, they are well worth looking up. They may be found all summer, and occasionally are to be seen by dozens on a single bush. In each case the same method has been adopted, the leaf being first folded face to face along the midrib, and then tightly rolled from tip to stem, and here retained in its compact coil by a true touch of jugglery; for there is no resort to pin or string, nor even a web to be seen. There is a real knack about it all, as we may very easily learn by trying to do up one of the packages ourselves.

I had long suspected a tiny brown beetle, which I had occasionally observed suspiciously near the bundles, as their author; and last summer I was fortunate enough to see my suspicions verified. Chancing upon a hazel-bush which was hanging full with the little packets, many of which were still fresh and green, a careful search disclosed one of the tiny insects at its work; and here is the process, the secret magic tie, and the deep-laid plan which it all involves. The beetle first bites through the leaf to the mid-vein close to the stem, and partially through the midrib also, leaving barely sufficient of the same to retain the weight of the leaf, which soon wilts in the hot sun, and in its limp condition is ready to be rolled. It is then folded face to face along the mid-vein, the beetle compressing it with its legs. A tiny yellow egg is then deposited at the extreme tip; and the weevil, standing sideways, and holding firmly to the leaf with its upper feet, passes its three lower legs beneath, and starts the fold, the roll being thus carried to the summit, the insect alternately taking a fresh grip farther up the leaf with each successive pull. Upon reaching the top, a loose cut edge of the leaf is turned backward to overlap the last fold of the coil, and thus serves to hold it in place. Without this deft touch the coil would unroll. The bundle soon bakes brown in the hot sun, and shortly falls to the ground. The tiny egg subsequently hatches into a minute grub, which feeds upon the dried interior; and at length the following spring emerges a perfect beetle.

I have seen the ground beneath the alder bushes strewn thickly with the little packets, hundreds of them in a small space. And,

considering the industry and the number of the package clerks, it is singular that I could have waited so long to discover them; but this is explained in a sly trait of the beetle, which cuddles up its legs and drops to the ground on your approach unless you are very wary.—"*Sharp Eyes*," *William Hamilton Gibson.*

BEES AND FLOWERS.

Perhaps you have been walking or reading or playing, but it is getting too hot now to do anything; and so you have chosen the shadiest nook under the old walnut-tree in the garden, close to the flower-bed on the lawn, and would almost like to go to sleep, if it were not too early in the day. As you lie there, you notice a gentle buzzing close to you, and you see that on the flower-bed close by several bees are working busily among the flowers. They do not seem to mind the heat, nor wish to rest. That great bumble-bee takes it leisurely enough, as she goes lumbering along, poking her head into the larkspurs, and remaining so long in each you might almost think she had fallen asleep. The brown hive-bee, on the other hand, moves busily and quickly among the sweet-peas and mignonette. She is evidently out on active duty, and means to get all she can from each flower, so as to carry a good load back to the hive. In some blossoms she does not stay a moment, but draws her head back directly she has popped it in, as if to say, "No honey there." But over the full blossoms she lingers a little, and then scrambles out with her drop of honey, and goes off to seek more in the next flower.

Let us watch her more closely. There are plenty of different plants growing in the flower-bed; but, curiously enough, she does not go first to one kind and then to another, but keeps to one—perhaps the mignonette—the whole time till she flies away. Rouse yourself up to follow her, and you will see she takes her way back to the hive. She may perhaps stop to visit some stray plant of mignonette on her way, but no other flower will tempt her until she has taken her load home. Then, when she comes back again, she may perhaps go to another kind of flower, such as sweet-peas, for instance, and keep to them during the next journey; but it is more likely that she will be true to her old friend, the mignonette, for the whole day.

We all know why she makes so many journeys between the garden and the hive, and that she is collecting drops of honey from each flower, and carrying it to be stored up in the honeycomb for winter's food. To-day we will follow her in her work among the flowers, and see, while they are so useful to her, what she is doing for them in return.

We have already learned that plants can make better and stronger seeds when they get pollen-dust from another plant than when they are obliged to use that which grows in the same flower; but I am sure that you will be very much surprised to hear that the more we study flowers the more we find that their colors, their scent, and their curious shapes are all so many baits and traps set by nature to entice insects to come to the flowers and carry this pollen-dust from one to the other. So far as we know, it is entirely for this purpose that the plants form honey in different parts of the flower, sometimes in little bags or glands, as in the petals of the buttercup flower, sometimes in clear drops, as in the tube of the honeysuckle. This food they prepare for the insects, and then they have all sorts of contrivances to entice them to come and fetch it.

The plants of the coal had no bright or conspicuous flowers. Now we can understand why this was; for there were no flying insects at that time to carry pollen-dust from flower to flower, and therefore there was no need of colored flowers to attract them. But little by little, as flies, butterflies, moths, and bees began to live in the world, flowers, too, began to appear; and plants hung out these gay-colored signs, as much as to say, "Come to me, and I will give you honey if you will bring me pollen-dust in exchange, so that my seeds may grow healthy and strong." For example, if you watch the different kinds of grasses, sedges, and rushes, which have such tiny flowers, you can scarcely see them, you will find that no insects visit them. Neither will you find bees buzzing round oak-trees, willows, elms, or birches. But on the pretty and sweet-smelling apple-blossoms you will find bees and plenty of other insects. The reason for this is that the

grasses, sedges, and trees we have mentioned have a great deal of pollen-dust, and, as the wind blows them to and fro, it wafts the dust from one flower to another; and so these plants do not need the insects, and it is not worth while to give out honey or to have gaudy or sweet-scented flowers to attract them.

But, wherever you see bright flowers, you may be sure that the plants want the bees or some other winged insect to come and carry their pollen for them. Neither must we forget what sweet scents can do. Have you never noticed the delicious smell from beds of mignonette, thyme, mint, or sweet alyssum? These plants have found another way of attracting insects; and they have no need of bright colors, for their scent is quite as true and certain a guide. You will be surprised, if you count them up, to see how many white and dull-colored flowers are sweet-scented; while gaudy flowers, such as the tulip, hollyhock, and others, have little or no scent. And then, just as in the world we find some people who have everything to attract others to them,— beauty, gentleness, and loving sympathy,—so we find some flowers, like the beautiful lily and the rose, which have color, scent, and graceful shapes, all combined.

Have you not observed that different flowers open and close at different times? What do you think is the reason of this? If you go near a bed of evening primroses just when the sun is setting, you will soon be able to guess; for they will then give out such a sweet scent that you will not doubt for a moment that they are calling the evening moths to come and visit them. The daisy opens by day because it is visited by day insects, but those particular moths which can carry the pollen-dust of the evening primose fly only by night; and, if this flower opened by day, other insects might steal its honey, while they would not be the right size or shape to touch its pollen-bags and carry the dust.—"*The Fairy-land of Science*," *by Arabella B. Buckley.*

AN UNDERGROUND FLOWER.

The stroller in the moist May woods will well remember those mauve-winged blooms among the moss that seem to flutter in the breeze, like a brood of tiny purple butterflies with fringy tails, or in a sheltered nook appear to have settled in a swarm among the wintergreen leaves. "False wintergreen" the plant is commonly called, its leaves bearing a slight resemblance to those of the aromatic checkerberry. It is one of our oddest and prettiest spring flowers, in its very singular shape quite suggesting an orchid, with its two spreading petals and deep lavender-colored tasselled sleeve. But, indeed, it has long been laughing at us in that sleeve, as we have brought away its flowers from the woods, while we left its rarest and most important bloom behind us.

For the little *polygala* found out long ago that some means must be adopted to keep its foothold in the woods, so many were the eager hands that culled it every year. And so it found a little plan to anchor itself in its home beyond the reach of bouquet hunters, offering one posy for the boutonnière and another for mother earth,—one playful flower for the world, another for serious use and posterity. But for this cunning resource I fear our pretty fringed *polygala* would have been exterminated in many of its haunts. Let us lose no time to seek the purple broods in the woods, and acknowledge our humility. These pale, pouch-like underground flowers are not beautiful to look at; but they plant the mould with seeds every year, and thus perpetuate the purple beds of bloom.—"*Sharp Eyes*," *William Hamilton Gibson.*

THE WATERMILL.

Listen to the watermill through the livelong day,
How the clicking of its wheel wears the hours away;
Languidly the autumn wind stirs the greenwood leaves.
From the fields the reapers sing, binding up the sheaves;
And a proverb haunts my mind, as a spell is cast,—
"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

Autumn winds revive no more the leaves that once are shed,
And the sickle cannot reap corn once gathered;
And the rippling stream flows on, tranquil, deep and still,
Never gliding back again to the watermill.

Truly speaks the proverb old, with a meaning vast,—
"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by; youth is passing, too;
Learn to make the most of life, lose no happy day,
Time will never bring thee back chances swept away;
Leave no tender word unsaid, love, while love shall last,—
"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

Work while yet the daylight shines, man of strength and will,
Never does the streamlet glide useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun beams upon the way,
All that thou canst call thine own lies in thy to-day,—
Power, intellect, and health may not alway last,—
"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

Oh, the wasted hours of life that have drifted by;
Oh the good we might have done, lost without a sigh!
Love that we might once have saved by a single word,
Thoughts conceived, but never penned, perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thy heart, take and hold it fast,—
"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

Oh, love thy God and fellow-man, thyself consider last;
For come it will, when thou must scan dark errors of the past;
And when the fight of life is o'er, and earth recedes from view,
And heaven in all its glory shines, 'midst the pure, the good, the true,—
Then you'll see more clearly the proverb deep and vast,—
"The mill will never grind with the water that is past."

The secret of life is not to do what one likes, but to try to like that which one has to do; and one does come to like it—in time.—*D. M. Craik.*

You can help your fellow-men. You must help your fellow-men. But the only way you can help them is by being the noblest and the best man that it is possible for you to be.—*Phillips Brooks.*

By doing each duty fully as it comes, we qualify for more light and greater aptitude for succeeding duties. Faithfulness day by day in small things will make us keen to recognize the divine voice with reference to greater things.—*Chapman.*

AMUSEMENT COLUMN.

[*Please send all material for this column to Miss E. D. Chapman, 34 Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.*]

A Summer Garden.

1. Plant a bag of flour, and what will come up?
2. Plant Cupid's arrow, and what will come up?
3. Days and months.
4. Sheep.
5. Middle of the afternoon.
6. Orange blossoms.
7. The dark.
8. A cuff on the ear.
9. Immortality.
10. A hand.
11. Reynard's mitten.
12. A labyrinth.
13. The Queen of England.
14. Bury the hatchet, and what will come up?

Conundrums.

1. How do you know Cæsar had an Irish sweetheart?
2. When was the theatre mentioned in the Bible?
3. What are the two smallest insects mentioned in the Bible?
4. Why is a teaspoon of vinegar like a darkey boy?

—*From the Queen.*

Charade.

My first is of very high temperature,
My next is a number small,
My third a little toddling thing
Appealing to us all.
My whole in far-off tropic lands
Leads a cruel, barbarous life;

But devoted women and men are found,
To try and win him from strife.

E. P. P.

Famous Battles.

1. To study and a measure.
2. Beautiful trees.
3. To spoil, a letter, and to depart.
4. A chest and an elevation.
5. A Scotch cake and a Scotch brook.
6. The son of Zippor and a melted mineral.
7. An animal and what we do when we see him.

How Many Nails?

Every lady in the land
Has twenty nails upon each hand,
Five and twenty on hands and feet:
Now this is true without deceit.

Nonsense Numbers.

From six take nine,—'twill easy be;
From nine let ten be ta'en;
From forty, fifty: then you see
That six will still remain.

Answers to Puzzles in July Number.

Charades.

1. Croquet. 2. Flamingo.

Riddles.

1. A hole.
2. One is hard to get up, the other hard to get down.
3. When its ayes (eyes) are on one side and its noes (nose) on the other.
4. Because we can't make it out.
5. Icicle.
6. Blacking.

A Spring Garden.

1. Pussy-willow. 2. Dogwood. 3. Morning-glory. 4. Buttercups and marshmallows. 5. Star of Bethlehem. 6. Jack-in-the-Pulpit. 7. Marguerite. 8. Innocents. 9. Flags. 10. Violets (phial-ettes). 11. Shamrock. 12. Heart's-ease. 13. Lettuce (let-us).

Poetical Pi.

Joy comes, grief goes, we know not how;
Everything is happy now,
Everything is upward striving;
'Tis as easy now for the heart to be true
As grass to be green, or skies to be blue,
'Tis the natural way of living.

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